

Where the Heck is the Captian?

by Just a Thought

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Summary: A short, strange fic involving one certian frog and a commercial.

Where the Heck is the Captian?

>Warnings: Mild swearing.

>Disclaimer: Yep, I still don't own any part of DBZ/GT, not the series, not the characters, not the world. I don't own Captian Crunch. And no, I don't make money off this.

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>
By the way, I ment to write it in the tense that I did.

>Keep in mind, this takes place a while back, you know, when they were still airing those annoying Captian Crunch commercials that came on nearly ever break. This is just a little something I came up with late one night a while ago. Be afraid...be very afraid...

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> Out in the country, never mind where, we'll just say a LONG ways from civilization there stands a small little shack. This tiny one room house has everything you might expect, a TV, a refridgerator, a reclining chair, did I mention that the TV had cable?

> Anyway, the camera zooms in to find the door standing wide open and light pouring out through the door frame. The TV blaes inside, just another late night show.

> Inside the little hut there is a sleeping man, his hand in the shape to hold the remote, only there is no remote there. Instead, the camera pans down to the floor. There lies the remote, and behind it sits a frog. (Take a wild guess at who it is.)

> The show stops for a break. The first commercial to come on is for a cereal. "And here with me is my main man, the Captian..." some guy yells. Nobody comes on stage. The announcer then procedes to ask, "Just where is the Captian?"

> The frog, at this remark jumps up and starts croaking like mad and waving his little froggie fore limbs.

> All of the frog's comotion however wakes up the man. "Damn frog."

he mutterres picking it up and drop-kicking it out the door, "I swear,
they're getting as bad as the crickets." then he slams the door
shut.

>
 THE END
>

End
file.